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often correct imitations of the human form—beautiful as well as ingenious works, the appropriate decorations of Architecture, afford the first and most convenient means for study; and excellent plaster casts are employed in all the European academies, in preference to the original marbles, which are often soiled and broken, notwithstanding the prejudice of some persons, even of acknowledged taste and judgment, who erroneously say that even the finest plaster cast can give no idea of the exquisite forms of the original marble, when the marble is not the original, but the *copy* from a plaster, and the plasters we draw from are *fact similes* cast in moulds made on the marbles.

It is not for painters to decry the merits of beautiful and correct statuary; nor should the admirers of this elegant Art undervalue the productions of the painter, who equally studies form, but combined with color, light and shade, foreshortening, grouping, drapery, aerial perspective and dramatic expression, working out his purpose on a plain surface of canvas, which is made to disappear by the magic of his palette.

REMBRANDT PEALE.

THE WILDERNESS AND ITS WATERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE THRESHOLD.

It was a quiet sunny morning in September, that three of us, artists and anglers, embarked at the outer edge of civilization, to cast our lines in the pleasant places secluded in the wilderness that occupies the northern part of New-York State, a labyrinth of lakes and streams.

There was a blue haze veiling the mountain tops that framed the lake over which lay our "shining way," and the sky was grey and misty—fragmientary send clouds floating lazily across it, their lights dimmed and toned down from the feebleness of the sunlight struggling through the dreary vapor. The water lay as quiet as water could lie, for not a breath of wind ruffled its surface, which caught every cloud, every tree of the fir fringe that encircled the lake. Every line of the mountains cut as clear and sharp in the lower landscape as in the upper. We launched off without guide or boatman, determined to enjoy the solitude without the intrusion of uncongenialities, for at least one day—to breathe in, unmingled, the spirit of silence and loneliness that reigned around, unreminded of the world we had left by anything *belonging* to it.

The boat, lightly laden with the three and their traps, pushed leisurely off from the smooth sand beach, and floated on its way, its motion in consonance with all around. The tiny swell that the boat made streamed off to either side, and, mingling with the wake ripples, wove sky and mountain, and forest fringe, and the clear deep green of the water beside us, into one net of waving, palpitating color, streaming broad and far behind us, as we passed on, and widening and gradually softening back to its original calm. The oars dipped measuredly into the water, and rising, dripping with sparkling drops, left on the water a long line of bubbles, each of which as it passed me, who sat in the stern, presenting a mimic show of the world around, in which our boat was the great feature, and

then, scarcely perceptible from the momentary glance, the mountains, the little islands, rocky, fir-clad, and the blue sky. Away floated the lines of microcosms lessening in the distance, yet each, I doubt not, retaining the image that I saw of our happy crew, as long as it remained unbroken.

We proceeded leisurely, because we had devoted the day to going up the lake, fifteen miles; and with talk and song, and intervals of willing silence, we measured our way. B., the senior of the trio, was the Angler *par excellence*—and the streams where his fly has not fallen, must lie deep indeed, in the wilderness. His instincts of trout are as keen as an otter's; he could almost tell from the murmur a brook made whether a trout lived in it. W., who for the first time felt the sensations which wild nature gives to the artistic mind, was a pupil of the former both in Art and Angling. I., the third, was simply and only an Artist. The Angler and I had been in the woods before; yet from the clamor of city life the change was great, and the wilds seemed ever new. The student's delight rose to ecstasy. "It is," said he, "like one eternal Sabbath. If we spoke, our voices were absorbed by the silence—diminished to feebleness. We, ourselves seemed an intrusion, a kind of chance-fallen phenomenon, and were to ourselves as much a wonder as anything else, that we should be there. It was wonderful how those solemn mountains, swelling and rolling, with the forests draping them to the summits, and heaving, rising and sinking into ridges and gorges, following the anatomy of the rock frame underneath, down to the broken, varying lake-shore, seemed animated by a presence which we all felt but none could define—a something that awed us though we could not say why. The conversation lagged, and by and by we felt it to be no place for song, and so, appropriately silent, we rowed along. The lake was studded with islands, some long, undulating, and indented, but mostly small, and showing the bare rock through the scanty soil by which a few firs, half dead and bare, clung and vegetated. Occasionally one rejoiced in a more luxuriant soil, which covered its granite crags, and bore a covering of rich, deep green—cedars, balsams, pines, and lesser evergreens formed the mass of the growth, with now and then a birch tree, white and lone, jutting out from the green monotony. Some islets again, were blackened by burnings from some wandering hunter's campfire, and the dead and decaying frames of tall trees raised themselves bleakly and drearily in the air, perhaps a mass of dead twigs in the top indicating the home of some eaglet family in its infancy. Through an archipelago of a hundred isles we wound a devious way, with occasional exclamations of admiration when some nook or opening of more than ordinary beauty came in view.

The lake, the lower one of a chain of three, by the further link of which we should stop that night, narrowed to a "river," as the hunters call it—the connection between the lakes. On either side the entrance a huge bowlder of granite reared itself, grey and weather-stained, with lichens, green and brown, mottling and marking its surface, which changed and fluctuated so in color that the eye would scarcely follow its variations—almost opa-

lescent the old rock seemed in the sunlight glow. A band of green at the water-mark was shaded from a tint so deep as to be almost black, upwards to one as intense as vegetation could produce, and then in countless, almost imperceptible modulations of color, running into shadow and out into light again, hiding the corrossions of time and the weather, in an infinity of the most exquisite harmonies of variegated grey, out of which glimmered at least half a dozen differently tinted lichens.

Entering this gate, the river wound deviously through the forest, its surface green with lily pads, among which lay the blessed pond lily in profusion, its manifold beauty and purity breathing fragrance into the air.

A strip of clear water wound among the lily pads and the patches of arrow-head (*Sagittaria-Sagittifolia*), marking the channel through which we followed our tortuous course. The eternal forest shut us in, and closed seemingly around us, draping the bank to the water's edge, and, jutting overhead, tall pines reached up, relieved against the blue—A solitary soft maple, lit by the autumn sun, blazed red in the midst of the dense green, and waved in flickering lines towards us. From the sedge that fringed the water, sprang, with rushing of wings, the wild ducks; and from the marshy mouth of a little creek, started up hurriedly, caught by surprise, a heron, who flapped away with heavy wing, and scarily turning his head to look back occasionally. Dead trees fallen to the water, jotted out into the stream, with little patches of floating grasses and rubbish, gathered against them by the stream, and held there by the current that rippled gently by, breaking in upon the sombre reflections in vacillating lines of sky blue. Moss-covered and decayed trunks lay, one end resting on the bank, the other submersed, convenient paths for the mink and otter, the marks of whose depredations we saw in the heaps of disjointed valves of the "fresh-water clam," which they and the muskrats left where the brown earth of the bank showed through the sedge and weeds. A king-fisher, screaming, flitted from a tree ahead of us, and flew along, alighting only to start again as we approached him. Sometimes, a sharp turn would open up a long reach of the river, and permit the distant mountains to be seen above the tree-tops, presenting passages of most exquisite beauty.

Through miles of silence we paddled along, still unsatiated—unwearied with the tranquil monotony. A faint murmur heard afar off in the direction of our course gradually becomes louder, like the fall of waters—another turn in the river, and the falls were before us, rushing, white, and whirling into eddies with bubble and foam. A few strong pulls of the oar brought us to the foot of the rapid, and a strong hand on a crag of rock held the boat fast till we stepped out, and the boat was towed through the rapids to the smooth water above, where we ran it on a flat rock shelving into the water, and lay down to wait for the settling into quiet of the trout that we knew were lying in the eddies we had just passed through. Now was to come the first lesson in the art piscatorial. Our rods put together and leaders straightened, I waited for what the Angler would do. The head of the fall was a smooth sheet of

water, green and dark, settling to the plunge, and narrowing to the passage between the rocks, whose points were just visible through the thin sheet of water that vaulted over them, and curdled below, to gather and plunge anew. We stood on an immense mass of granite, flat and smooth, giving most easy approach to the water. I watched Angler's motions, as, having put on a selection of his favorite flies, he stepped carefully to the water's edge and made his cast. Letting out a few yards of line, he threw it gently back and upwards—then, throwing the rod slightly forward, cast the line out to its full reach, quietly saying "there's an old fellow *there* whom I want for dinner." As the flies floated out to the full reach of the line, he raised his rod slightly, gathering up the slack of the line, and the stretcher or end fly, a brown hackle with copper-colored peacock feather body, gently touched the water as if it only intended to rest a moment—the instant after, the first drop fly, a ginger hackle with a body of Isabella colored mohair, fell as lightly; and then the upper drop, a red spinner, followed it, so that a cunning fish he must have been, who could see anything but chance in their falling there. Then, keeping his line straight, so that no part of the leader touched the water, Angler drew them steadily towards him. As the brown hackle passed over the deep green water, in the very upper edge of the falling sheet, with a rush like the sheeted lightning, up he came, his yellow sides gleaming a foot out of water. Angler struck with a quick light jerk, as the flies disappeared, and the line led down stream. The springing of the rod to a half circle told his magnitude, and excitement was in our faces in a moment. The Student gathered his line to make his trial, while I, not less eager, but more intent on seeing this captive secured, watched the moving line. "He is hooked strong, probably in the tongue," said Angler; "you may know it by his running deep." A moment he seemed to rest in the eddy below a huge rock, but Angler, reeling in his line, started him out again, and away he rushed to and fro, as if with energies just awaked by a consciousness of danger. A steady but gentle strain on the line brought him to the surface of the water for an instant. We saw his huge dorsal fin, then the splash of his tail as he sought anew the depths and safety. Useless all—the Angler's cunning was too much for his frantic force even in his native streams; and, slowly reeled in, he yielded to his fate. Wallowing from side to side, and sluggishly plunging, he came into view, then for a moment floundering vainly, he opened his mouth and gave up the struggle. Angler passed his rod into his left hand, and throwing it back to draw the fish gently towards him, he grasped him by the gills—and he was safe. "There's a pound and a half, if an ounce," said Angler, elated beyond the warrant of his age and experience. We looked at him, laid him on the dull grey rock, his silver belly shining in the sun, and the golden-yellow sides mottled with crimson, melting into olive, waved and streaked with tints for which Art has no nomenclature—the beautiful lines heightening still more the perfect color, and I hardly knew whether to rejoice that I had seen so beautiful a creature, or to grieve that it must die. We had no scales, but

"Now, Angler," said I, impatient to get to work, "give me a lesson," emulating at the same time his motions as I had just observed them. I cast my line—at least a yard of it touched the water before either fly. Angler burst into a hearty guffaw. "Stand still," said he, "and cast with your fore arm—don't imagine you help your line along by moving your body with it. You make altogether too hard work of it. The true method of casting, is never to allow the elbow to move from the side, the motion is made with the fore arm *entirely*—a wave motion, not a quick whip. I cast again, but bringing my rod to the return too soon, brought the line in a snarl on my head—flies, leader and all, in a squad. This extricated, I again essayed, modestly casting not more than a half a dozen yards of line. This time the flies fell better, but still altogether, and with a splash. "This won't do," said Angler, "you must go into the running water below, where they can't see if you cast well or no. It don't matter so much how you throw there."

I stepped on a rock at the edge of the rushing water, and threw my flies into the torrent. The current carried them down further than I could cast them, and then drawing them up as I had seen Angler, I saw the splash of a broad tail as they passed over an eddy where the bubbles lay dancing up and down—but the jerk with which unconsciously I brought my flies into the air, brought no trout with it. "You needn't strike so hard," said Angler, "they will generally hook themselves, if you will let them. Now wait a moment and let him settle—then cast a little above the place where he first rose—and be sure of one thing, that a trout never sees what is below him, nor will he ever run down stream unless he is frightened—they always lie with their heads up stream, and choose their haunts where they can command a view of the water above them, rising at insects *up stream*. When streams are rising from rain, the fish will always be found where the water falls into holes, where they would, soonest see bugs, worms, or other floating food; but when they are falling and clearing, the fish are on the rapids, even when there is scarce water enough to cover their backs; but in the summer, when streams are bright and low, they will always station themselves at the foot of the holes, in the middle of the stream, the better to command a view of the whole basin, for now they are watching every insect that passes over it. They are then very timid, the slightest shadow or gleam of light from a rod, will cause them to run up stream to the first shelter which presents itself. At this time the largest fish always takes the precedence, and woe to the small fry if they venture to wag their tails before his eyes."

I did as directed, and raised him again, this time with better success, for I felt the jerk, and pulled away unconscious of the frailty of my rod. Fortunately it was a tough English one, of Chevalier's make. The trout rose to the surface, and after a few moments of floundering and splashing in a most extraordinary manner, apparently turning over and over in somersets, my line slackened, and the flies sprang back into the air behind me, driven by the elasticity of the rod. He was off. Student, meanwhile, had caught two or three, smaller

than Angler's prize. Again, I was more fortunate, and secured a tolerable fish, of course not so large as the one I had pricked—those we lose are always the largest. I was content for the moment to dispense with any further instruction, and catch my fish as easily as I could, caring little for the quality of the casting, so long as I caught something. So, Angler catching the larger fish, and Student and I the smaller ones, we angled the time away until our craving appetites reminded us that the day, which had not dried the dew from the grass when we started, was advancing apace.

A fire was kindled—the wallet of provisions brought out—and Angler, now become cook, initiated us into the method of preparing the fish we had really caught. A twig with three branches, resembling in some respects a three-tined fork, was cut, and the fish, singly impaled thereon, held over the fire, while a piece of pork held over it, dropped its fat by way of basting. It was done brown, and, with a piece of butterless bread, consigned to me. It might have weighed half a pound as it came out of the water, but it was only a provocative of appetite—and soon the trio were immersed in the cares of this extemporized cuisine. Our wild dinner eaten, we sat down to compare notes. I had lost a leader with three excellent flies on it, caught on a snag in the torrent. Angler had lost one of his best fish by the barb of a hook breaking, and he was groaning over it, and cursing all hooks but the genuine O'Shaughnessy. He would never use another Limerick so long as he fished—they had lost more fish than they had caught for him, &c. Student, lucky fellow! had, in his quiet way, had very good success, and no mishap.

The sun was sinking when we reached the upper lake, and turned our prow westward towards the cabin where we were to pass the night. The sky before us was filled with cirri, filmingly mingling with the blue, and scarcely obstructing the sunlight which glowed on the eastern mountains and the forests and islands behind us, with a richness of color that almost drowned all minor tints in one wide, golden-green. Faintly blue, the ravines retreated out of the sunlight, and, rolling away peak after peak into the haze, the mountains succeeded each other, melting and floating out of sight.

Slowly the sun dipped behind the hill, and the shadow came over us, and then creeping eastward, it climbed the bank, and the tall pine trees grew dark and green as it stole up, and then over height after height, one after another, it ascended, carrying gloom, until we saw it reach the highest peak. Still climbing up, though more slowly, extinguishing the light as it went, it soon left the peak the only relief to the broad, sombre masses of green and the purple of the shadowed hills. That glowed marvellously, it was fairly of an orange, which seemed to gain in intensity, as it lost in expanse before the purple-blue encroachment, and finally, resting a moment seemingly, on the topmost crag, flickering, went out.

The hills and forests westward were in profound shadow, and we looked with sharpened eye-sight, for the spot of grey which, in the deepening twilight, should mark our resting place. The cirri had lost

the gold and orange also, and were now only faint grey lines across the quiet, deep sky.

Hill-side and reflection were blended together, and over the spot where the sun had gone down, Jupiter was burning out from the darkening sky. Far ahead of us, a fine blue line was drawn across the sombre shadow, the wake of the loon. His wild cry streamed out on the still air, and Student and I answered it until the lake rang with the echoes, and the loon abashed, kept silence.

We were in the highest spirits, and the hope of a hearty supper gave vigor while we pulled up the lake to the landing-place in front of the cabin. The boat ran up on a smooth sand beach, and we, loading ourselves with rods and trout, introduced ourselves to the attention of Mother J., to whose culinary care we entrusted the fish. Called in due time to supper, we found the table loaded—venison, the most excellent potatoes, and corn and wheat bread, with new milk, cake, and cranberry sauce, were enough to satisfy more dainty men than we. The profusion of the wilderness was almost as wonderful as if magic had wrought it. The privation we looked for had not yet come. Still excited and wakeful, I lay and looked out from the window into the clear-skied night, and watched new stars rise over the eastern hills and mingle with the thousand wavering lights already on the bosom of the lake, until sleep stole on me, and if I wandered among the stars I knew it no more.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

A GLANCE AT ITS CAREER AND CHARACTER.

From the Catalogue for the 30th Annual Exhibition.

Prepared by

T. ADDISON RICHARDS, ESQ.

THE limited capacity of the rooms occupied by the collection of the present year, and the consequent decrease in the number of works on the walls, may contrast unfavorably with the usual extent and variety of the Academy Exhibitions. This contrast, the well-informed visitor needs not to be told, is no intimation that the Institution is losing strength; but, on the contrary, is simply incident to the preparation for a bolder, broader and more efficient effort than circumstances have thus far enabled it to make; since, though for the moment it may seem inactive, or even to be retrograding, yet at no period of its not unsuccessful career has it been in a more healthful condition—or given more cheering promise of usefulness than now—never before has it so entirely united the ardent sympathies of the Profession, or held a higher place in the public interest and esteem; and at no time has it possessed greater means to properly avail itself of these advantages. A brief glance at the objects of the Academy, in connection with its past history, may present a reliable and gratifying idea of what may be hoped from it in future; and the present moment of repose—this twilight hour ending a day of busy toil, and heralding a quickly returning dawn of yet clearer and more sunny promise, seems to be the fitting time for such a glance back and forward.

The value of association in its aggregate of experience, incentive and courage within, and in its authority and power without, is

certainly as great in the profession of the Artist as in any other—of so abstract a character, to the popular perception at least, are his labors and their results, and so much do they necessarily tend to isolate him even from his fellow-workers, as well as from the world. The subtle voice of the Artist, be it never so “still,” will always be heard and heeded, of such universal and such vital import are the words he utters; but that voice may be made far more powerful and effective, in well-concerted utterance—speaking with more boldness and energy, and received with higher respect and faith. This necessity of an aggregation of strength, to give just force to his teachings by mutual sympathy and cheer, and to successfully assert his power as an independent and important influence in society, was felt by the Artist in this country at the earliest moments of his career, when the land first rested from its great struggle for political existence; and the want was immediately, and perhaps for the time sufficiently supplied by the foundation of the American Academy of Fine Arts. In the course of years this institution was out-grown by the Artist in his progressive and rapid development, and was superseded by a new and more liberal organization—the present National Academy of Design*—which, taking up the work at the point where the old establishment left off, has ever since so effectually supplied the place of a collective power to the Artists of America, that at this day they hold a position, individually and as a class, of a respectability and authority scarcely to have been hoped for, and which obviously never could have been attained, and cannot be preserved and strengthened, otherwise than through the means of such a union of influence as is effected by an association like our Academy; and thus, it must be admitted, has it so far successfully employed its first means of usefulness for the advancement of the Arts of Design in our midst.

The Academy has sought to promote its ends, in the second place, by ANNUAL EXHIBITIONS of the latest and best productions of the Artists; thus affording them a fitting opportunity to present their claims for consideration, and a school in which, by immediate comparison of their works with those of others, to correct their faults, increase their knowledge, and renew their strength for further struggle; as a happy means, also, of gratifying and cultivating the popular love of Truth and Beauty. These Exhibitions the Academy has provided, without intermission, from its foundation to the present time; and with what

* The American Academy was governed chiefly by its lay members, their number far exceeding that of the Artists. The weaker party protested against this preponderance, and claimed that they themselves knew best how to conduct an Art Institution. It was upon this issue that the estrangement between them and the old Society began and continued, until it ended in a complete separation and in the foundation of a new Academy. This assertion, then so violently combated, that Artists themselves were the best fitted to conduct their own affairs, has, in the success of the National Academy, been so fully proved, that we wonder, at this day, that it could ever have been denied. And yet it was, and with an earnestness which led almost to personal estrangements. The discussion of this and other points at issue between the old and the new Societies was conducted chiefly in the columns of the “Evening Post,” by Col. TRAUBNELL, the President of the American Academy, on one side, and Professor Morse, for many years President of the existing institution, on the other part. The dispute, and the various schemes of compromise between the parties, was the great theme of Art gossip at the time, and at this day is an exceedingly interesting episode to review.

success, is happily seen in the invaluable instruction they have afforded to Artists, and in the pleasure and profit drawn from them year by year by the thousands of citizens and strangers whose privilege it has been to visit them. To both painter and patron the Exhibitions offer a summing up of the year's progress, and create a new starting point in the onward march of Art-knowledge and Art-love.*

The Academy has further striven to accomplish its mission, by the establishment of a thorough system of instruction in all departments of Art. This lever it has always regarded as one of the most effectual in its hands, and much good use as it has already made of it, it bides only the means (and very possibly the occasion) to reach far higher results. Through thirty years it has maintained, with rare interruptions, well-organized and well-furnished Schools, for the study of the Antique Sculpture and the Living Model, and of Pictorial Anatomy. The first of these Schools is supplied with the best collection of Statuary, ancient and modern, which the country can boast—a collection indeed ample enough for the most exacting wants, while for the second, the best subjects at command have ever been provided. These Schools have been attended by hundreds of students, and they number among their graduates, many of the most successful Artists of the land. It is intended to continue them with increased facilities, and to add to them, other Schools, as circumstances shall permit, and as the wants of the profession shall demand.

As an auxiliary to the Schools for the professional student, and as a means of art culture for the people, the Academy hopes, in due time, to provide liberal courses of Annual Lectures upon all subjects, practical and popular, bearing upon the broad theme of Art inquiry. Various attempts, with greater or less success, have been already made to effect this very desirable object, and the time seems to be near, when the public and professional interest in the matter, and the professorial talent at the service of the Academy, will permit further and more satisfactory efforts.

The Academy possesses a Library (at the service of its members and of the profession) already of a most valuable character and extent, which it will continue to enrich as means therefor may be obtained. In the proposed new Academy Buildings, it may be thought advisable to accompany the Library with a general and liberally furnished Art Reading and Club Room. Such a feature would certainly contribute much to the social as well as to the intellectual pleasure of our Art-loving population.

There remain many other and obvious means of usefulness for such an institution

* We have recently been looking over a file of Catalogues of the Exhibitions for thirty years past, and if the visitor's memory fails to carry him back so far, we can assure him that we find ample cause for congratulation in the progress which the successive issues indicate. A few (and a few only we rejoice to say) whose works have enriched the walls are gone from us, and yet we cannot, without true sorrow, recall the memory of such magic pencils as those of our beloved Cole, Inman, and Dunlap. We regret, also, never more to greet the pictured thoughts of our first President, despite his magnificent services to his country, in his gift of the Electric Telegraph, and in many other ways—ways, perhaps, of more practical and immediate value. Though still living, and with many happy years we trust yet before him, we feel at liberty thus to allude to Professor Morse, now that other labors have so entirely withdrawn him from the pleasant fields of Art.